

FITZ HAS MERCY FOR SULLIVAN.

Will Give the Once Mighty John a Short Go and Not Hit Him Hard.

Bob Reposes in His Hammock at Rye Beach and Says It Would Be Cruel to Strike the Big Fellow.

"If He Can Knock Me Out I am Willing to Let Him Take a Chance, but as for Finishing Him, It Would Be Manslaughter."

Will Not Hurt John L.

Editor New York Journal: I HAVE practically accepted John L. Sullivan's challenge to me. I will give him a four or six-round go, and while I will merely spar for points, he has my full permission to finish me if he can. I will not strike him hard enough to knock him out, as it might result in manslaughter.

I am to-day the ex-champion of the middle and heavy-weight classes. I have promised my wife to retire, and, so far as snail fights are concerned, I have retired.

I would like to be understood in this matter of retiring, as it is final, except when the championship honors are in danger of leaving America, and then I want to say—and I have my wife's full permission—that Americans can call upon me to defend the title, and I will fight it out if I am fifty years of age. To all other intents and purposes I have retired for good as a snail fighter.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, Ex-Champion Middle and Heavyweight of the World.

John L. Says He Means It.

Editor New York Journal: JUST as soon as my clothing can be prepared for going into active training I will get in the harness. I am confident that Fitzsimmons will not be a hard man to dispose of. I realize that it will be necessary for me to begin training very lightly, but when I get started I shall finish my work with good results under my trainer, Muldoon.

This rubbish about John L. being the worse for wear will not hold water. I am still ready to meet the best man there is, and if he will take care of himself I will handle him end all right.

This is no grand-stand play. I am here to fight, and if one man is not willing to meet me, why, I extend the challenge to all of them.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, Ex-Champion Heavyweight of the World.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, of Boston; he who held the pugilistic championship of the whole world for twelve years; he who passed through the country towns and the big cities of the Union inviting all comers to stand up and engage him for four rounds; he who was the accepted idol of the worshippers of prize fighting; his gauntlet thrown into the arena after a rest of six years has been picked up by a merciful man.

Robert Fitzsimmons, who has to-day the right to call himself champion, picks up the gauntlet, not with enmity and hatred or a fierce desire to down his antagonist, but with tenderness, sympathy and genuine mercy, and it is the only time the once mighty John L. has been the foil for compassion.

John L.'s challenge had hardly reached the little village of Rye Beach, where Fitzsimmons and his family are spending the summer, before a Journal reporter arrived and sought out the domestic Bob. The well rounded notes of a strong tenor came floating up from the slope leading down to a dock point. From the brow of the hill Fitz could be seen reclining in a hammock, swinging himself as his song rang out on the morning air.

We're a darling little boy, Rosie, dear, And he is his mother's boy, Rosie, dear, He has his mother's heart so true, And his father's eyes so blue, He'll grow up to love us two, Rosie, dear.

Bob halted in his refrain, but did not disturb his comfort, beyond a salutation concerning the magnificence of the day and a shy inquiry as to the quality of his song.

Merry Over the Challenge.

"Yes, I saw John's challenge a few moments ago in the Journal, and it really makes me feel merry," said Fitz, kicking the earth again to increase the motion of swinging. "Ha, ha, John L. Sullivan; back in the ring again, and says he means it. Sometimes I feel sorry for John. Don't he understand that there is no possible show in the world for him to win a fight with a man like me? Perhaps I should not say that, however, because he is evidently sincere in what he imagines he can do. And then, again, he is over there training with Bill Muldoon, and if any man alive can put him in condition to make a fight, Muldoon is the man. He knows more about physical development and training than any other man living, and he may be able to do wonders with John."

"Will you accept the challenge and fight?"

"I will accept the challenge to this extent: First of all, it is not to be a snail fight, so far as I am concerned. Do you think I want to jeopardize my liberty by hitting John L. Sullivan hard enough to knock him out? He would simply drop dead. To fight a snail fight with Sullivan would simply be committing manslaughter, and I do not take a fancy to it."

"Wait! I will go further, and give him a chance that no other pugilist has ever had, and if it is not the squarrest proposition you ever heard, then suggest something else that is, and I will agree to it. First of all, I wish not to fight him to a snail, but, better still, he can fight me to a snail, if he can do it, in a four or six-round go. I will spar for points and treat him nicely, while he can fight for a knock out. I will positively agree to let him try just as hard as he can to stop me in that time, and as an additional assurance to John that nothing disastrous will happen to him I merely intend to keep away from his snail and show him that I can hit him at will."

Willing to Help Sullivan.

"Now, what do I make such a proposition for? Well, in the first place John L. is a decent fellow and needs a chance to get back on his financial pins, and I know of nothing that will draw better than a snail fight. I'll bet John was paralyzed when he got out of his carriage and asked his 250 pounds of fat up the path. I will take a long time for him to get down to proper work at that. It means Fitzsimmons' pause, puffed at his cigar and burst out laughing. There is no use talking," he continued, laying into a vein of seriousness again. "John was the greatest scrapper of his day, and played fair in the game. No one can rob him of his record. Many a man erected him as lightening strikes a haystack, but he never quit until he had to. Doesn't it strike you as rather queer that his friends, or those who pretend to be his friends, are anxious to

have him go up against me to a snail? Do they want a dead sure thing at the sacrifice of old John?"

"All that reminds me, speaking of the matter of dead sure things, I do not want to be a party to any put up jobs that will enable the talent to scoop in a big way on a crooked game. I have always promised to do my best in all the fights I have had with him, and I always feel good when I get a win so clearly, but when I do not go in to win, as in the Sullivan case, I want that clearly understood also. Of course, if anybody thinks I can knock me out in four or six rounds, all right, they can let all they please on that score, but I do not want anybody to bet on me, as I absolutely refuse to hit him as hard as I can, both for his sake and for mine."

"This has been a day of incidents. To begin with, it is the third anniversary of my wedding. Second, I have just finished a new duck pen for fifty birds, and last of all I get a challenge from John L. Sullivan. I ought to be happy over these things. My marriage anniversary is pleasant. It is nice to know that I will have ducks to eat all summer, and I always feel good when I get a chance to do an old friend a good turn, and John is an old friend."

"I guess I'll go to work and put up a few Japanese lanterns around the house and celebrate to-night."

Fitz rolled out of his hammock, took a hitch in the window, and looking forward several Japanese lantern display and his little song which had been interrupted.

At Muldoon's Health Resort.

Over the low, rolling hills, eight miles away from Rye Beach, at the residence of William Muldoon, in White Plains, the other pugilist was taking quite a different view of the situation, and looking forward seriously to what he terms "a chance to vindicate himself."

John L. Sullivan rose from his bed at 6:30 and took a plain wash, without perfuming or showers, and then passed into the exercising room, clad in a light undershirt and a pair of blue trousers. Stepping to the window, upon which rested several slices of dumbbells, he selected a pair of eight-pounders and gave them an Indian club motion around his head. The exercise was of short duration, owing to the frequent entanglement of John's fat arms. In a very short time he tossed them back with the remark that a closed room was no place to work any bow, and that he wanted to get out in the open.

"Fresh air is the thing, boys, fresh air. Beats anything in the world for training. Bill will tell you that, and he knows. Guess I'll have to go at it light for a spell. I must get some clothing, too. I don't know how just how much will be required, but I certainly need something in the way of attire to train properly."

These shoes I have on are too small for a man my weight, and this sweater is no good. Need some socks, too, and a whole lot of things before I can win. But I feel good. Oh, yes! I feel fine. Never felt better in my life. Come on. Let's go and eat."

Sullivan a Pretty Fat.

Sullivan got into his sweater, donned his cap and sat out on the porch for a few moments. After a breakfast of chops, coffee and other side dishes of the regulation order the ex-champion again returned to his easy chair and read the Journal. While folding it back the four centre pages dropped out, whereupon John attempted to get the prize back again by putting out his foot and scraping it within reach. Falling in that he was obliged to stoop over and pick it up with his hands. The blood rushed to his head and he came to the upright position with a vigorous puff and a blow.

"Pretty heavy, Bill," said he, turning to Muldoon, who sat on his right watching the big fellow. "Have to go slow on this reduction business at first. Tell better, I suppose, after a couple of weeks, and I'll be pretty fat when I stood for seventy-two rounds with Kilrain, wasn't I, Bill? And the sun was boiling hot on my bare back. I'm pretty fat naturally. This ain't all fat you see by my means. Don't alarm yourself. I'll get in shape to put up another fight right in June, and be there and you'll see the real stuff."

At 10 o'clock Mr. Muldoon, at the head of the gentlemen who are under his care for a general improvement in their health, mounted a dozen or so spirited horses and rode away into the stretch of magnificent green country which is part of the great trainer's domain.

Nothing, no matter how important it may seem to the outside world, can induce Muldoon to depart from the programme of the day, which he so carefully lays out for the gentlemen from all walks of life who attend his superb health resort and take advantage of his skill in the art of improving one's bodily comfort.

John did not disturb himself in the least and read the papers until his host returned. He appeared to enjoy the quiet and comfort of the scene immensely, and spent the greater part of the day by himself.

To Be Trained in Private.

In speaking of Sullivan, Muldoon said: "John has nothing with which to begin training. There are a great many things he must have, and until they arrive I would not like to say anything definite about what course of training he will have to pursue. For the present he will be handled like any other patient who may come here for his health. I have many of them now, and it requires all my attention to give them the course of training which, after years of experience and careful study, I have found to be the best. I presume John will prefer to be quiet and by himself, and if he is under my direction I should prefer it that way. I have so much to attend to that I must divide my time so as to be just to all who attend here. If John can show up well after the preliminary investigation of his condition, I will put him under a special trainer, who will handle him entirely, as I dictate, and in practical session."

Fitzsimmons' acceptance and his terms did not appear to make any difference to John at all. He simply wants to get into



John L. Sullivan Training to Take Fitzsimmons's Plume.

The three upper pictures show Sullivan, the once mighty, in different poses for the Journal at William Muldoon's health resort in White Plains. In the left-hand study John is smiling at the prospect of hearing the call for time in another fight for the championship which he held for twelve uninterrupted years in days gone by.

The fourth picture is as the artist found Fitzsimmons reclining in his hammock at Rye Beach, shortly after he had received news of the challenge issued by the Big Fellow from Boston. Fitzsimmons hardly takes the challenge seriously. "It would be manslaughter to knock John L. out," he said. He thinks Sullivan couldn't stand another fight.

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LOBBY ON THE SENATE FLOOR.

Senator Hale Starts a Crusade Against Ex-Members.

AGENTS AND ATTORNEYS.

Some Appeared Carrying in Their Hands the Papers in Their Cases.

PARTICULARS WITHHELD.

A Resolution to Change the Rules Introduced Without a Specific Explanation.

SOME OF THOSE IMPLICATED.

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EX-SENATOR FARWELL, of Illinois, acting for those opposed to the passage of a bankruptcy law. Also agent for a scheme to purchase the mouth of the Brazos River.

EX-SENATOR PADDOCK, of Nebraska, agent of the Sabine Pass scheme.

EX-SENATOR BROWN, of Utah, agent for the opening of the Uncompahgre Reservation and the Gilsonite deposits.

EX-SENATOR EPPA HUTTON, of Virginia, agent for private claims.

EX-SENATOR BUTLER, of South Carolina, agent for the Cramps.

EX-SENATOR HIGGINS, of Delaware, agent for paper manufacturers.

CABLE CARS COLLIDE.

Columbus and Lexington Avenue Cars Meet Head On at Twenty-third Street and a Gripman is Hurt.

A Columbus and Lexington avenue car together in collision on Broadway between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets last evening, and the police at once sent out a general call for ambulances. It looked as though all of the hundred passengers on both cars were either seriously or fatally hurt, so terrible was the momentum of both cars when they collided. But fortunately only one man was hurt badly enough to be taken to the hospital. He is John Hanley, the gripman of the Columbus avenue car.

The Columbus avenue car, No. 272, was bound north. The car was at a standstill on the corner of Twenty-second street, the gripman awaiting instructions from the switchman at the curve half a block above. He got the signal to proceed, pulled fast the grip and the car sped north very rapidly. At the same instant the forward dashboard of car No. 657, of the Lexington avenue line, forged around the curve, the car going at full speed.

The passengers on both cars were hurled forward with the force of the shock and

RICH RECRUIT FOR DEBS. An Austrian to Sell His Property and Come Here to Join the Social Democracy.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 24.—H. Gerhardt Klein, the well-known St. Louis artist, who has abandoned his studio to join the Debs Social Democracy colony, is in this city. He is on his way to Austria to visit his father. The elder Klein is possessed of a fortune. He is, however, an enthusiastic Social Democrat, and when his son arrives the father will sell all his property and will return to America with his son. The Kleins will be among the richest men in the Debs "army."

ICE CREAM AS MEDICINE.

After Everything Else Failed It Cured a Boy of Hiccoughs of Two Weeks' Standing.

After two weeks of violent spasms of hiccoughing Herbert Mallett, twelve years old, son of George Mallett, of West Chester, is slowly recovering. Ice cream proved to be the effective remedy. Young Mallett was first seized with hiccoughing after a



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